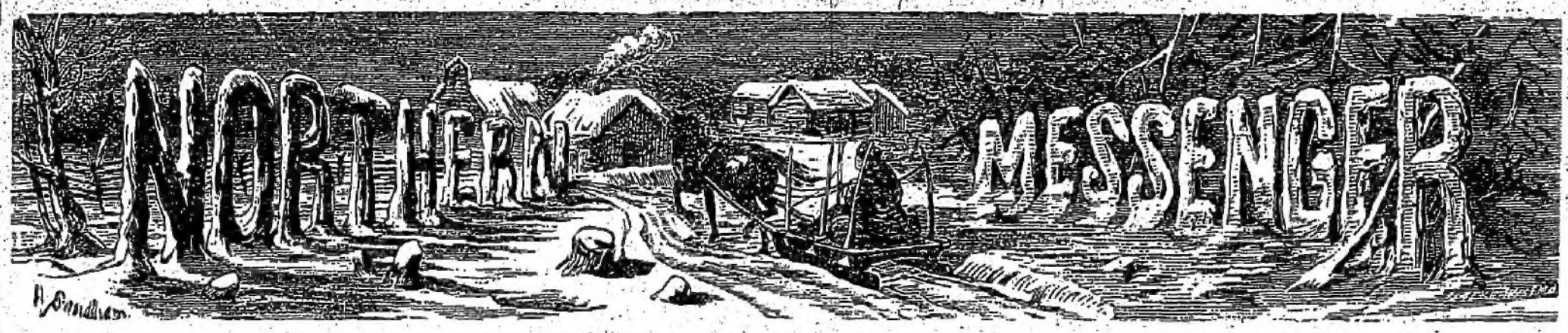

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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THE AUTHOR OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

A recent writer in an article on some distinguished literary women of America gives this interesting sketch of Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose fame can never be bounded by her country's borders. With her great sister Catharine, who has gone before, and her great brother Henry, now also awaiting her on the other shore, she presents a unique picture, as now serenely standing, with her seventy-seven years, between the double glories of the life that is and the life that is to come. If immortality be all of future life, she has it now. She hears the angels calling her, and yet all human hearts so closely hedge her round, she cannot go until the last loving cups of earthly fame be quaffed.

So fathered and so husbanded, so brothered and so sistered, and so adopted as a child and mother in every home, she is like Cato's daughter, who was also the wife of Brutus, and therefore could not but be great.

When Lord Byron died fighting for liberty in Greece, her father said: "Oh, I am so sorry Byron is dead! What a harp he might have swept for Christ and liberty!"

That was Harriet's first inspiration for liberty, and at ten years of age she lay down all day in a strawberry field, as she says, looking up into the sky, and thinking about it.

Two years later her composition on "The Immortality of the Soul" was read by the master at a school exhibition at Litchfield, Conn. When her father, on the stage with the trustees, asked, in surprise, "Who wrote that composition?" she heard the answer, "Your daughter, sir;" and, seeing her father's emotion, says, "That was the proudest moment of my life."

Of such things character is made, and such fathers with such daughters can understand something of her feelings when, thirty years later, all the world asked, "Who wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin?'"

Was she not raised up providentially for that very purpose?

Was not all the world educated in the elementary lessons of liberty by laughing and crying together over Topsy and Eva, Uncle Tom and old Legree?

Every printed language on earth contains that story, and the British Museum had to set apart a whole alcove to contain its forty-three separate editions in English, twelve in French, eleven in German, and so on through nineteen languages.

It was published ten years before the war, and but for it, and the sentiment it roused in all the world, who can tell what might have been the result of that war, or whether slavery, intrenched as it was in the very Constitution of the country by the sad and compromising necessities of its forefathers, might not have been even yet tolerated, and, perhaps, perpetuated and legally established forever! Let us remember that even American independence was mainly gained, or rendered certain, by the sentiment kindled in France which brought the United States us this great alliance at Yorktown.

As it is, the famous golden bracelet presented to Mrs. Stowe in England, in the form of a slave fetter, should be the proudest heirloom of her family, as it contains

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Humanity's most important dates. On one link is engraved the date of the abolition of slavery in England, and all her colonies; on another, the date of President Lincoln's proclamation of freedom; and on the clasp, the date of the Constitutional Amendment prohibiting slavery forever in the United States.

We need but a word for her other works. Many of them are great stories, "Nina Gordon," "Our Charley," "The Minister's Wooing," "Agnes of Sorrento," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "Old Town Folks," "Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories," "Religious Poems," "Little Foxes," "My Wife and I," "We and Our Neighbors," "Pink and White Tyranny," "Poganuc People," etc. These show a busy life, and a wide range of thought and culture.

Mrs. Stowe is described within a few weeks past, by Frances E. Willard, as still walking out alone in the streets and fields at Hartford, and usually walking five to seven miles daily. "She is small in stature, and weighs less than one hundred pounds. She said her twin daughters kept the house, and would not let her do a thing; which was as well, since they knew exactly how she wanted everything done. She showed us a charming photograph of her grandson, saying he is so handsome that he is not vain, as he thinks it a quality belonging to all boys. I spoke of the future, and she recited a verse from one of her own poems:

"'It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see:
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.'"

We leave her with this verse from Julia Ward Howe:

"Her breath is prayer, her lips are love,
And worship of all loving things;
Her children have a gracious port,
Her daughters show the blood of kings."

THE LOST PURSE.

Seventeen years have passed since the following incident occurred, but the impression it left on my mind has not faded, nor ever will fade, from my memory.

Located during my college course within five minutes' walk of an old friend, I often stepped in for a little intercourse after my lessons, were ready for next day. So it happened on a certain Saturday afternoon, having no Sunday engagement to carry me into the country, I thought to spend an hour with my friend.

I found him in a fever of excitement, and elicited the following in explanation. He had paid his men in the City, closed his shop, and hurried to the train at Ludgate-hill, with his overcoat on his arm. As he jumped into the train he thought he heard something drop on the carriage floor; he looked down, but seeing nothing, took no further notice.

On reaching Walworth-road (his destination) he came in to dinner, and wishing to hand his wife some coin, went to his great coat, and then discovered he had lost his purse containing £20 in gold. He had just made the discovery as I stepped in.

He was a good man and true, but, Peter-like, very impulsive; hence, when I proposed we should have a word of prayer over the matter, he at once protested: "No, not now; there is a time for everything; this is the time for action."

"Very well; what are you going to do?"

"I don't know; I cannot make up my mind what is the best to be done."

"That, I think, is a sufficient reason in itself for prayer."

"Perhaps; but I don't feel like praying just now. I think I'll go at once to the Crystal Palace, the destination of the train in which I travelled, and see if honest hands have picked it up and handed it in at the terminus; and I'll telegraph to Moorgate, whence the train started, advising them of my loss."

As soon as he had gone his good wife suggested that now we might have a little prayer together. We knelt and pleaded that God would direct and over-rule to the finding of this purse; and then rose with a calm assurance that all would be well. Turning to his wife I said, "I think I will

go into the City and see the officials at Moorgate street."

"What for?" she inquired; "Charles has wired there, and no end can be served by your going."

"I cannot tell you why, but I feel it laid on my heart to go."

"Then I will go with you; for I am too excited to tarry alone just now."

We hurried to Walworth Station, and took return tickets to Moorgate street; and up the first platform just as a G.N.R. train was signalled.

Already this train was in sight; but in our impatience we would not wait for it, but hurried down the steps again, and up to the centre platform as a train was just stopping there.

Rushing to a carriage we were about to enter, when my friend exclaimed, "That is a smoking compartment; we won't get in there;" and, opening the next, there was the purse just under the seat! Of course, we caught at it, much to the surprise of four gentlemen in the carriage, and walked off home, gladly forfeiting our tickets.

There are several things to be observed, rendering the finding of this purse remarkable. This train had gone on to the Crystal Palace, stopping at various stations, *en route*, on a busy Saturday afternoon, with the frequent interchange of passengers, yet nobody appears to have noticed the purse.

Had we waited for our train already in sight, we should have missed the purse. Moreover, had we aimed to catch this train on its return from the Crystal Palace, the probability is we should have failed; for, most remarkable of all, we found this train was not timed to stop at Walworth—should have run express from Loughboro' Junction to Elephant and Castle; but the traffic being unusually heavy, the signal was against this train at Walworth, and stopped it at the platform just for the half-minute, whilst we took from the carriage the missing purse.

When my friend returned from the Palace I inquired, "Have you seen or heard anything of the purse?"

"No," said he, in a despondent tone, "and do not expect to. The traffic being heavy, and the purse containing hard coin only, the officials can hold out little hope of its recovery."

"Is this anything like it?" (holding up the purse.)

"Where did you find it?"

"Where you dropped it." And as we explained this remarkable recovery he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "This is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

—*John Burnham, in the Christian.*

SWEEPING UP THE CORNERS.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"I have been thinking that we ought to have a Sunday-school started out at the West Mountain schoolhouse," said Mr. Lee, the president of the Christian Endeavor Society at Flamburg Village, to Dr. Prentice, the Sunday-school superintendent of the First Church.

"There are four Sunday-schools in town already, and it would seem as if any one very anxious to go to Sunday-school might take his pick among them."

"I know all about that, but some of the families out on the West Mountain have no teams, and I presume that few of them would feel as if they had clothes fit to wear to church. I think the Endeavor Society might start meetings over there, and I am going to ask for volunteers. The Society ought to be doing something besides just holding meetings for prayer and conference."

"I agree with you there. Such meetings are good in their way, but they ought to help the young people to carry on aggressive work, and, come to think of it, I know of a dozen or more families who never go to church; most of them have children, too, but we have got the middle of the town so thoroughly cleaned up that it had not occurred to me that the corners needed sweeping out."

That night at the Endeavor meeting the subject was broached, and, although all agreed that the work ought to be done, no one knew exactly how to do it.

"I am willing to go and sing and teach a class," said Nellie Dean, "but I cannot walk over there over the bad roads," and, as few of the young people had teams at their disposal, the matter was allowed to rest for that time.

At breakfast the next morning, Nellie repeated what had been said. Her mother was dead; her father was a quiet, hard-working man, but an infidel, and she was his housekeeper. It was hard sometimes to live her Christian life and to keep persistently on in the right way without any help at home.

Her father never went to church or to any of the meetings of any kind, and she was therefore altogether taken by surprise to have him say, "I can carry you over, and four more if they care to go; yes, I can take six easily enough."

"But, father dear, it will not be for just one evening; it will be for an evening of every week."

"Oh, well, I think I can stand it if you can. What nights do you want to go?"

"It must be the Lord's will," said Nellie, as she ran over to the doctor's as soon as her dishes were washed. "It is the Lord's will, or he would not so immediately and so strangely open the way for us to go."

"The West Mountain people are sensitive and peculiar," said Mr. Lee, as they were fairly on the way. "We must not be discouraged if they do not turn out very well at first. They may think we have only come over out of meddlesome curiosity, or something of that sort."

"I think I can fix that," said Mr. Dean, speaking for the first time since they had started. "I am so much a bird of the same feather that they will not refuse to come in if I am there. They know my opinions of people and things in general, and I know theirs."

Sure enough, when it was known that blacksmith Dean had brought over a load to hold a meeting at the school-house, old and young turned out.

"I thank you very much for coming," said a bright, fine-looking, well-dressed young woman, after the service. "My husband has just bought a wood-lot back here on the mountain, and has moved up his steam saw-mill to clear it off, and I moved up to board him and his help. But I was so lonely, thinking there were no prayer meetings or Sunday-school or religious services of any kind, that I have been coaxing him to let me move back to my home again, for I don't like to have my children in such a place, even for one year, for fear they may fall into careless ways of living. But if you will come up Thursday nights and hold a prayer-meeting, and on Sunday afternoons and help me with a Sunday-school, I will stay."

Week by week there was a growing interest in the Sunday-school and in the meetings, and some time along in April Mr. Dean electrified everybody by giving his experience at a meeting.

He had called himself an unbeliever for years, he said, and when his daughter started in to live a Christian life, he began to watch her very narrowly, and had kept it up ever since. He happened, one night, to hear her telling the Lord all about the proposed effort to sweep up the West Mountain corner of the town, and heard her ask him to show them how it was to be done. He resolved to test her sincerity by offering the use of his team. The satisfaction of all the young people in availing themselves of his offer had made a deep impression upon him, and their faithfulness had convinced him that they were engaged in the Lord's work. There had been a power in the meetings that had taken hold of him; he had become interested in the Sunday-school lessons too, and wanted to begin at the beginning and try to lead a new life.

This testimony made a profound impression, and at the next meeting several other adults expressed a desire to live Christian lives.

"You have no idea how nice and pleasant and sensible the people over here are," said Mrs. Webster to Mr. Lee, "and we are going to hold a reception at my house on the first of May and invite you all to come over."

"Let us have an old-fashioned May walk," said the minister. "The young people and the good walkers can go in that way, those who are not equal to making the distance on foot can ride. Let us have a general turnout and convince these people that we have a real interest in them."

What was the surprise of every one, on arriving, to find a large shed made of planks and boards that had been sawed in Mr. Webster's mill, and that he could not sell until it was seasoned, he said. The building had been put up in short order by his workmen under Mrs. Webster's directions. Here tables were set and refreshments served, and here also was a new organ, for which Mrs. Webster had raised sufficient money among her friends and acquaintances.

"This organ, a number of library books, several converts, and several hopeful inquirers are what we have to show for our winter's work," she said.

"But that is not all," said one of the women; "we are aroused out of our hopelessness. The children are interested in the Sunday-school, and are ambitious to make as good a showing in the day school as do the other children in town."

"And I have bought all the timber on the West Mountain," said Mr. Webster, "and am going to put up a sash and blind factory down here on the brook. But if it had not been for your mission work, my wife would have gone away and I should, of course, have left as soon as my first small job was completed."

"And I fancy we can build a little chapel here by the time Mr. Webster wants to use this lumber," said one of Mr. Dean's old cronies. "The schoolhouse don't begin to hold us now."

The chapel has been built, indeed, and Nellie Dean said, the other day, "If I had not been faithful in praying for dear papa and for the work, I suppose that the Lord would have found some other way to carry on his work. But I am thankful that I was allowed to be a helper."

"Every Christian who is faithful is a helper," said Dr. Prentice.—*Golden Rule.*

TRY IT.

Sometimes, where a boy seems hopelessly mischievous in a class with those of his own age, it works well to place him in one of much older boys or young men; he will feel himself honored in being put with such company, and they will be too old to be upset by his pranks. This has been found to work well in practice. The Hindus tame an unruly elephant by placing him between two heavy, steady and solid old elephants.—*Christian Worker.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 20, 1891.

THE RISEN CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES.

John 21:1-14.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God."—Col. 3:1.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 24:13-27.—The Walk to Emmaus.
T. Luke 24:28-43.—Christ Made Known.
W. John 20:19-31.—Thomas Convinced.
Th. John 21:1-14.—The Risen Christ and his Disciples.
F. John 21:15-25.—Peter Restored.
S. Acts 1:1-12.—Christ's Ascension to Heaven.
S. Heb. 9:11-28.—Christ in the Presence of God for us.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Christ on the Shore. vs. 1-4.
II. A Miracle of Fishes. vs. 5-8.
III. A Morning Meal with Jesus. vs. 9-14.

TIME.—A.D. 30, April; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—The northern shore of the Sea of Galilee, not far from Capernaum.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Of how many appearances of the risen Christ have we an account in the New Testament? Mention them in order. Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. CHRIST ON THE SHORE. vs. 1-4.—Where did Jesus show himself to the apostles? Why had they returned to Galilee? How many of them were together? What did Peter propose to them? What success had they that night? What took place in the morning? Why did the disciples not know Jesus?

II. A MIRACLE OF FISHES. vs. 5-8.—What did Jesus say to the disciples? How did they answer him? What did he tell them to do? What was the result of their so doing? To what discovery did this lead? What was the effect on Peter? How did the other disciples get to land?

III. A MORNING MEAL WITH CHRIST. vs. 9-14.—What did the disciples find when they landed? What did Jesus direct them to do? What did Peter then do? How many fishes were there? What did Jesus then say? Why did the disciples not ask who he was? What did Jesus then do? What did he mean to show them by this? How many times had Jesus shown himself to his disciples since his resurrection? To what individuals had he shown himself?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Jesus comes to us in our daily duties as really as in our hours of devotion.
2. That work for Jesus is vain when done in our own strength and way.
3. That work for Jesus, at his word, in his way, and with his help, is sure of great results.
4. That Jesus cares for our daily wants.
5. That our trust is in a risen, ever-living Saviour.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. Where did Jesus afterward show himself to the apostles? Ans. At the Sea of Tiberias, while they were fishing.
2. What did he direct them to do? Ans. Cast the net on the right side of the ship.
3. What took place when they had done this? Ans. They took a great multitude of fishes.
4. What did they see when they had landed? Ans. A fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread.
5. What did the disciples then do? Ans. They ate with their Master the morning meal which he had provided.

LESSON I.—JANUARY 3, 1892.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.—Isaiah 11:1-10.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."—Psalm 72:8.

HOME READINGS.

M. Isa. 11:1-10.—The Kingdom of Christ.
T. Isa. 9:1-7.—The Babe and the King.
W. Mic. 5:1-5.—Out of Bethlehem.
Th. Psalm 45:1-17.—A Right Sceptre.
F. Psalm 2:1-12.—Upon My Holy Hill of Zion.
S. Jer. 23:1-8.—"The Lord Our Righteousness."
S. Matt. 2:1-11.—The King of the Jews.

LESSON PLAN.

I. A Righteous Kingdom. vs. 1-5.
II. A Peaceable Kingdom. vs. 6-9.
III. A Victorious Kingdom. vs. 10.

TIME.—About B.C. 720; Hezekiah king of Judah.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Isaiah, the son of Amoz, exercised the prophetic office in the days of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz and Hezekiah, kings of Judah, during a period of not less than sixty years (B. C. 758-698). His writings contain so many clear predictions of the Messiah that he has been styled "The Evangelical Prophet." One of these predictions is the subject of our lesson to-day.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *A rod out of the stem*—Christ is here represented as a tender shoot from the stump or root of a tree that has been cut down. *Jesse*—the father of David. From the family of David, in an humble and decayed condition, a king shall rise who shall restore the family to more than its ancient glory. 2. *The Spirit of the Lord*—The Holy Spirit. *Rest upon him* thus anointing him for his work. *Wisdom*—(see 1 Cor. 1:30; Eph. 1:17; Col. 2:2, 2.) *Understanding*—practical wisdom. *Counsel and might*—skill to plan and power to execute. 3. *After the sight of his eyes*—he will not judge by appearance, but by reality, uninfluenced by rank, wealth or public opinion. 4. *Judge the poor*—see that justice is done to them. *Equity*—impartiality. *Rod of his mouth*—words of condemnation. *Breath of his lips*—his commands and decisions. 5. *Faithfulness*—will always prove himself a just and faithful king. 6. His reign will work a change in the hearts and conduct of wicked men, as great as if wild and ravenous animals should lose their appetite for blood and live in peace with the animals they were accustomed to devour, or as if the asp and the adder were to lose their venom and become the harmless playthings of a child. 9. *They shall not hurt*—strife and bitterness, war and bloodshed, shall cease. *My holy mountain*—the kingdom of Christ, which shall fill the whole earth. Dan. 2:35, 44, 45.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was Isaiah? How long did he prophesy? What is he sometimes called? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. A RIGHTEOUS KINGDOM. vs. 1-5.—Whose coming does the prophet foretell? What is meant by *the stem of Jesse?* In what condition was the family of David when Jesus was born? How shall this king be anointed? What shall be the effect of this anointing? How will he act as judge? How will he execute justice? What personal qualities will he possess?

II. A PEACEABLE KINGDOM. vs. 6-9.—What will be the condition of his kingdom? How are its peace and tranquility described? How its security? Why will this state of things prevail? Why is Christ called *the Prince of Peace?*

III. A VICTORIOUS KINGDOM. v. 10.—What further is prophesied of this king and his kingdom? Who will be its subjects? How shall the king be distinguished? How far has the prophecy of this lesson been fulfilled? When will it be completely fulfilled?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The Lord Jesus Christ is King in Zion.
2. All power, wisdom and glory belong to him.
3. Universal peace shall prevail under his reign.
4. His kingdom shall endure for ever.
5. The whole earth shall be filled with his glory.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. How is Christ's coming foretold? Ans. There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots.
2. How shall he be anointed for his work? Ans. The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him.
3. What shall be the effect of this anointing? Ans. The Spirit shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord.
4. How will he act as judge? Ans. With righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth.
5. What shall be the condition of his kingdom? Ans. Righteousness, peace and plenty shall everywhere prevail.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

APOLOGIES.

"Never apologize." It had stared at me from the printed page all my life; but it remained for the example of two women to make it vital to me. I had the opportunity once to observe closely the intimate home life of one of my friends. Her husband's income was modest, her house plain, and she economized in dress. During the year I lived in her house I was never conscious of the slightest jar or friction of the domestic machinery, yet I know my friend was not exempt from the usual housekeeping trials.

The secret was—she never apologized. She gave daily superintendence to house and kitchen. If accidents happened, nobody was ever made miserable with the details. If a dish failed, it must have been her rule to set it aside; if one appeared on the table not exactly up to the highest standard, she had the good sense to see that this fact was not apparent to all, and that an apology would only intensify the consciousness of the few who did perceive it. And it is wonderful what mistakes, partial failures, will pass unnoted, if only the too-exacting housewife refrain from apologies!

Sometimes a formal caller appeared unexpectedly, finding her in a wrapper; or she was called to the door to speak for a moment to a neighbor. No distressed expression, no nervous pulling at the cheap and simple gown, betrayed her sense of its unfitness. She ignored it, and received them with a quiet grace, a dignity that added a new charm to her loveliness.

I looked and pondered; I saw that an apology would have had its root in vanity. It was borne in upon me that apologies are vulgar and futile—above all, futile.

Now for the other woman. She is my next-door neighbor, but our relations are almost entirely formal. She imagines me gifted with the eyes of Argus, though I am so short-sighted that I can scarcely see beyond my own nose. She apologizes for facts of which I could never possibly have had any knowledge, but for the admissions—her servants' shortcomings, the noise her children make, the state of her kitchen and back yard. I stand confused, annoyed, bored, under this shower-bath of apologies. I meet her running through the lane to her mother's. How sweet and cool she looks, is my inward comment, if I make any. She stops to apologize—for her dress. I say truly that I see nothing amiss. She is then at great pains to show me an infinitesimal hole, or a grass-stain on the hem, or tells me it is an old thing, patched up out of two; and then she wonders what I must "think of Robert, working in the garden in his shirt-sleeves." When I finally stem the torrent and get away, I wonder if she thinks I have no duties, no interests, to say nothing of moral restraints, which render it impossible for me to stand always with a spy-glass levelled on her windows.

Some women apologize with the best intention, imagining that not to do so shows disrespect and disregard of a guest's opinion. Others, as in the last instance, hope to gain credit for possessing a very high standard by apologizing for every lapse therefrom. They only betray egotism, an uneasy conscience, and the fact that they are trying to seem to be to the world what they really are not.

If my neighbor should read this, and be converted, "I shall be" (as an author says in his preface) "amply repaid."—*Housekeeper's Weekly.*

MOTHERS' SYMPATHY.

All over the world there are mothers with hands so full they can scarcely take time to draw one good, long breath, or sit quietly down and rest for five minutes.

They are good, conscientious women, wearing their lives out for their families in the daily round of patient, self-denying work, trying to make a small income feed, clothe and educate all the children, planning the spending of every dollar, to make it go as far as possible, and bravely doing without many an article needed for their own personal comfort, for the sake of the children.

I have seen mothers, who would not neglect anything that might add to the physical wants of their children, neglect that which is of infinitely more importance than to have them well fed and neatly clad.

When the womanly little fifteen-year-old daughter comes home with sparkling eyes, eager to tell mamma all about her essay, which was the best in the class, instead of listening with a pleased face and telling her how happy she has made her, the short-sighted mother says indifferently, "Well, Jennie, I haven't time to listen now. Do hurry and change your dress, and finish this darning, while I patch Harry's jacket." And Jennie goes away with a sober face, thinking, "If mamma had only said she was glad I did so well."

And, after a while, when Harry comes, his face full of happiness, to coax mamma to come and see his pansies, they are "so pretty," she sends the little fellow away with an impatient, "No, I can't; and you'd much better be weeding out the radish bed."

She may have been busy mending that same Harry-boy's jacket, but it would have paid her better to have dropped it and gone out with the little fellow for a few moments, and admired his flowers and praised him for the care he had given them.

And after tea, when the twins want to climb into "muzzer's" lap, and have a happy "loving time," instead of resting her overtaxed nerves by laying aside the sewing, and cuddling them close in her arms, and telling them how she loved them and wanted them to grow up good men like papa, and listening while the two yellow heads bow at her knee and pray, "God bless mamma," and then tucking them in bed with loving good-night kisses, she says, in short, crisp tones, "Go right out in the kitchen with your blocks, and don't bother me again to-night."

And the two sturdy little boys go with a feeling in their hearts that "mamma didn't love them one speck," and they "didn't care."

O mothers, it is only a few years when the children will drift away from you, and no longer come to confide their joys and sorrows, but look upon their home as "a place to eat and sleep in," and upon you as the one who keeps the house and their clothes in order.

In that day you no longer will have occasion to tell them not to hinder you, for they will go to others for the sympathy which you denied them.

Then look back to the years when you were "too busy" to take any interest in what pleased them, and ask yourself whose fault it is if they are not interested in you now.

While they are young and clinging about you, make them think that whatever interests them is of interest to you, and that mother loves them more than any one else in the world, and is their best friend.

Do not send them away in anxiety to "keep up" with your work, and make them feel that mother thinks more of everything else than she does of them, until they cease to have any desire to tell you of their plans. Make your girls feel that it is a pleasure to have them tell you of their happy times, and your boys feel that you are interested in their new skates, and delighted that their side won in base ball.

Then, when your tired feet grow weary and your busy hands are idle, they will feel it their privilege and happiness to give mother tender, loving care through her declining years, and never for a moment think she is a burden.—*Grace Pettis, in the Household.*

THE TEMPERATURE OF THE HOUSE IN WINTER.

We have lately read a very interesting article in one of the daily newspapers in regard to "Our indoor climate." The author is very critical of Americans for having so much artificial heating in our houses, but we think he has over-rated the dangers from that source. The chief danger in New York City, from Christmas until April, is not from too warm houses, but from too cold ones, and those in which the temperature varies very much. We can get on out-of-doors with exercise and overcoats and sealskins, but inside the temperature ought to be kept up to 70° F. for most people, and for some old people in hospitals, 73° F. to 75° F. is not out of the way. The English are the great apostles for being uncomfortable inside their houses. The result there is seen in the great prevalence of rheumatism and also of aural diseases. It is very difficult to get warm in London or Paris in the winter. And we do not believe it ever does anybody any good to be just the other side of being warm. A man is as uncomfortable at 40° F. as he is at 20° F. It is possible that New Yorkers are a little careless in varying the heat in their houses, but not in keeping them too warm, we think. To keep warm is very often to keep well.—*The Post-Graduate.*

THE SOCIAL TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

It is in the small courtesies that we are most apt to fail, and it is just these which make the charm of perfect manners. Children may be taught to render the little attentions which will be too often forgotten in maturer years if the habit has not been formed in early life. A short note of thanks for any kindness received should be sent promptly, and a letter, always, after enjoying the hospitality of a friend, expressing the pleasure found in the visit. It would seem unnecessary to emphasize these things if so many "children of a larger growth" were not neglectful of them.

A family of charming little girls, whom the writer has the good fortune to know, are sent by their mother to make a call on any of her special friends who may be leaving home, and also to welcome them on their return. It is one way of accustoming them to meet older persons easily and naturally, and helps to form the habit of discharging social obligations.

The whole home atmosphere should be favorable to the consideration of the little courtesies which are as oil to the wheels of daily life. The pleasant morning greeting, a word of apology for a tardy appearance, and the habit of rising when an older person enters the room, with innumerable other little attentions which a mother should demand from her children, will do much to make them agreeable members of society.

Children may outgrow their parents intellectually and spiritually, but the manners formed in childhood are not easily changed. The surface may become more polished, but in moments of excitement or self-forgetfulness the old tricks of manner or speech will show themselves.—*The Christian Union.*

CUTTING THE CORNERS.

Mrs. Jones, who does her own work, was asked by one of her neighbors how she contrived to get so much done. "Contrive is the word," said she. "I cut all the corners, and I don't try in the least to do as Mrs. Any-body-else does. I know it's the orthodox way to get all your morning's work done up and then sit down to sew. But when I have a difficult piece of sewing on hand, if I do my housework first, I'm too tired to do my sewing justice, so I let some of the housework go, all that can be let go, and do my sewing first. Then it is a relief, when that is done, to fly around and finish up my housework. I know it's nice to iron all one's plain clothes, but I don't iron mine. Towels, sheets, and many other articles I fold neatly when they are dry and put them away without ironing. I am very particular to have the clothes washed clean and rinsed always in two waters, so they are sweet to the olfactories, but they are not smooth to the touch.

"When I get breakfast I plan my dinner and generally make the dessert, sometimes prepare the vegetables, and then it is an easy matter to get the dinner. Many a time I've rubbed out my clothes at night and scalded them, and then left them in the tubs till morning. This enables me to get them hung up early, and then by dividing the work I do not get so tired as if I did it all at once. I see to it that the wood and coal and kindling-box are kept full, so I can have a fire at short notice and without running round.

"I make a point of lying down in the middle of the day and getting perfectly still, perhaps I drop off to sleep a few minutes. This gives me two mornings every day, so to speak, and keeps me fresh for the evening, and I find that going to bed early enables me to rise early and push my work with vigor."—*Christian Advocate.*

FOR NOTHING.

Self-sacrifice comes natural to women. Much of it is born in them, and what is not is ground into them from their childhood by education. For the sake of her home duties a girl gives up amusements and privileges which her brother would never be expected to forego for the like reason. As she grows older, this spirit grows, encouraged by all tradition and outside influence. Often its power masters her altogether, and her life becomes one long devotion to endless labor and acceptance of unpleasant things, that the pleasant part of living may be kept sacred for the rest of the family.

The purely useless side of this entire self-abnegation must sometimes strike the beholder. Such effacing of individuality is not uncommon. And it gives as little real benefit to the family as it does to the individual.

Putting aside the moral effect on the younger members of a family brought up to regard their mother as a machine run for the family service, does the woman who so gives herself for the well-being of her family really accomplish all she desires? If she work without pause or slackening day in and day out, does she always feel satisfied, with admiring onlookers, that it is the noblest way to so spend her health and energies? If she renounces all recreation and higher life for herself, and gives up all communion of mind and spirit with her husband and children, is the reward adequate that is paid to them in a better kept-house, a more bountifully supplied larder, or handsomer clothes?

If over-fatigue causes her to become petulant or complaining, is not the atmosphere of home more greatly injured than the added cleaning and cooking can repair? If she is too worn out to give sympathy and help to the children's joys and sorrows, what do the finer clothes and furniture obtained avail? And if, as sometimes happens, outraged nature gives way, and others may step into the breach, do their own work and the played-out woman's as well, and take care of her into the bargain, what has she gained by her extreme efforts that she has not lost by the breakdown?

A life laid down in a worthy cause is not lost, but gained; but is this cause worthy?—*Harper's Bazar.*

PUZZLES NO. 23.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where do we read of a "refuge of lies?" What will become of such a hiding-place?
2. What prophet, when his courage failed, as he thought he was left alone, was cheered by hearing that God had many faithful hidden ones?
3. "The world knoweth us not." Where do you find these words? and what reason is added?
4. "The Lord knoweth them that are his." Where are these words found? Give a similar statement from the Old Testament.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAM.

The unique and immortal work, Quod Tonexi, was published in Paris, in the year 1605. It soon gained great applause, which was echoed from all parts of Operue. It is read to-day in Caremia with great delight and enjoyment. Yet its author Carl Vereande Suavagee Smidt, spent the greater part of his life in poverty and obscurity. He was born October 9, 1547.

CHARADE.

My *first* is the son of his father;
My *next* at the weaver's you'll see;
My *whole*, much esteemed as a relic,
Is found on each family tree.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 22.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Ps. lxxxiii., 3. They have taken crafty counsel against Thy people, and consulted against Thy hidden ones.

2. Ps. xxxii., 7. Thou art my hiding-place; cxix., 114. Thou art my hiding-place, and my shield.

3. Is. xxxii., 2. A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind.

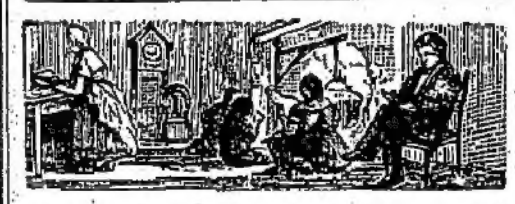
4. (1, 2) Ps. xxvii., 5. In the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me. (3) Ps. xxxi., 20. Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man. (4) Ps. xci., 1. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High. (5) Ps. lxi., 4. I will trust in the covert of thy wings. Ps. xci., 4. Under his wings shalt thou trust.

5. Ps. xvii., 8. Hide me under the shadow of thy wings cxliii., 9. I flee unto thee to hide me. lxiv., 2. Hide me from the secret council of the wicked.

6. Jer. xxxvi., 26. Of Baruch the scribe and Jeremiah the prophet, when Jehoiakim sent to take them.

7. Is. xxvi., 20. Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast. Zeph. ii., 3. It may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger.

PROVERB PUZZLE.—Toil, gas, morn, sonnet, grass, hole. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."



The Family Circle.

OUR OWN.

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night!
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest:
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah, lips with the curve impatient!
Ah, brow with that look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

CAPTAIN JANUARY.

(By Laura E. Richards.)

CHAPTER IV.—THE VISIT.

A grey day! soft grey sky, like the breast of a dove; sheeny gray sea, with gleams of steel running across; trailing skirts of mist shutting off the mainland, leaving Light Island alone with the ocean; the white tower gleaming spectral among the folding mists; the dark pine-tree pointing a sombre finger to heaven; the wet, black rocks, from which the tide had gone down, huddling together in fantastic groups as if to hide their nakedness.

On the little beach two men were slowly pacing up and down, up and down, one silent, the other talking earnestly. Old men, both, with white, reverend hair; one slender and small, the other a son of Anak, big and brawny,—Captain January and the minister.

It was the minister who had been speaking. But now he had done, and they took a few turns in silence before the Captain spoke in reply.

"Minister," he said—and his voice was strangely altered from the gruff, hearty tone which had greeted his guest fifteen minutes before—"Minister, I ain't a man that's used to hearin' much talk, and it confuses my mind a bit. There's things inside my head that seems to go round and round, sometimes, and puts me out. Now, if it isn't askin' too much, I'll git you to go over them p'ints again. Slow, like! slow, Minister, bearin' in mind that I'm a slow man, and not used to it. This—this lady, she come to your house yisterday, as ever was?"

"Yesterday," assented the minister; and his voice had a tender, almost compassionate tone, as if he were speaking to a child.

"And a fine day it were!" said Captain January. "Wind steady, sou' west by sou'. Fog in the mornin', and Bob Peet run the "Huntress" aground on the bank. I never liked fog, Minister! 'Give me a gale,' I'd say, 'or anythin' short of a cyclone,' I'd say, 'but don't give me fog!' and see now, how it's come about! But it lifted, soon as the harm were done. It lifted, and as fine a day as ever you see."

The minister looked at him in some alarm, but the old man's keen blue eyes were clear and intelligent, and met his gaze openly.

"You're thinkin' I'm crazy, Minister, or maybe drunk," he said quietly; "but I ain't neither one. I'm only takin' it by and large. When a man has been fifteen year on a desert island, ye see, he learns to take things by and large But I never see good come of a fog yet. Amen! so be it! And so Cap'n Nazro brought the lady to your house, Minister?"

"Captain Nazro came with her," said the minister, "and also her husband, Mr. Morton, and Robert Peet, the pilot. Mrs. Morton had seen little Star in Peet's boat, and was greatly and painfully struck by the child's likeness to a beloved sister of hers, who had, it was supposed, perished at sea, with her husband and infant child, some ten years ago."

"Ten year ago," repeated Captain January, passing his hand across his weather-beaten face, which looked older, somehow, than it was wont to do. "Ten year ago this September. 'He holleth the waters in the hollow of his hand.' Go on, Minister. The lady thought my little Star, as the Lord dropped out of the hollow of his hand into my arms ten years ago, had a look of her sister."

"She was so strongly impressed by it," the minister continued quickly, "that, failing to attract Peet's attention as he rowed away, she sent for the captain, and begged him to give her all the information he could about the child. What she heard moved her so deeply that she became convinced of the child's identity with her sister's lost infant. As soon as Peet returned after putting Star ashore, she questioned him even more closely. He, good fellow, refused to commit himself to anything which he fancied you might not like, but he told her of my having performed the last rites over the mortal remains of the child's parents, and Mr. Morton wisely counselled her to go at once to me, instead of coming here, as she at first wished to do. After my interview with her, I am bound to say—"

"Easy now, Minister!" interrupted Captain January. "I'm an old man, though I never knowed it till this day. Easy with this part!"

"I am bound to say," continued the minister, laying his hand kindly on his companion's arm, "that I think there is little doubt of Star's being Mr. Morton's niece."

"And what if she be?" exclaimed the old sailor, turning with a sudden violence which made the gentle minister start back in alarm. "What if she be? What have the lady done for her niece! Did she take her out o' the sea, as raged like all the devils let loose, and death itself a-hangin' round and fairly howlin' for that child? Did she stand on that rock, blind and deef and e'ena'most mazed with the beatin' and roarin' and onearthly screechin' all round, and take that child from its dead mother's breast, and vow to the Lord, as helped in savin' it, to do as should be done by it? Has she prayed, and worked, and sweat, and laid awake nights, for fear that child's fingers should ache, this ten year past? Has she—" the old man's voice, which had been ringing out like a trumpet, broke off suddenly. The angry fire died out of his blue eyes, and he bowed his head humbly. "I ask yer pardon, Minister!" he said quietly, after a pause. "I humbly ask yer pardon. I had forgotten the Lord, ye see, for all I was talkin' about him so glib. I was takin' my view, and forgettin' that the Lord had his. He take things by and large, and nat'rally he takes 'em larger than mortal man kin do. Amen! so be it!" He took off his battered hat, and stood motionless for a few moments, with bent head; nor was his the only silent prayer that went up from the little gray beach to the gray heaven above.

"Well, Minister," he said presently, in a calm and even cheerful voice, "and so that bein' all clear to your mind, the lady have sent you to take my—to take her niece—the little lady (and a lady she were from her cradle) back to her. Is that the way it stands?"

"Oh, no! no indeed!" cried the kind old minister. "Mrs. Morton would do nothing so cruel as that, Captain January. She is very kind-hearted, and fully appreciates all that you have done for the little girl. But she naturally wants to see the child, and to do whatever is for her best advantage."

"For the child's advantage. That's it?" repeated Captain January. "That's somethin' to hold on by. Go on, Minister!"

"So she begged me to come over alone," continued the minister, "to—to prepare your mind, and give you time to think the matter well over. And she and Mr. Morton were to follow in the course of an hour, in Robert Peet's boat. He is a very singular fellow, that Peet!" added the good man, shaking his head. "Do you think he is quite in his right mind? He has taken the most inveterate dislike to Mr. and Mrs. Morton, and positively refuses to speak to either of them. I could hardly prevail upon him to bring them over here, and yet he fell into a strange fury when I spoke of getting some one else to bring them. He—he is quite safe, I suppose?"

"Wal, yes!" replied Captain January, with a half smile. "Bob's safe, if any one is. Old Bob! so he doesn't like them, eh?"

At that moment his eye caught something, and he said in an altered voice, "Here's Bob's boat coming now, Minister, and the lady and gentleman in her."

"They must have come much more rapidly that I did," said the minister, "and yet my boy rows well enough. Compose yourself, January! this is a heavy blow for you, my good friend. Compose yourself! Things are strangely ordered in this world. 'We see through a glass darkly'!"

"Not meanin' to set my betters right, Minister," said Captain January, "I never seed as it made any difference whether a man seed or not, darkly, or howsumdever, so long as the Lord made his views clear. And he's makin' 'em!" he added, "He's makin' 'em, Minister! Amen! so be it!" And quietly and courteously, ten minutes later, he was bidding his visitors welcome to Light Island, as if it were a kingdom, and he the crownless monarch of it. "It's a poor place, Lady!" he said, with a certain stately humility, as he helped Mrs. Morton out of the boat. "Good anchorage for a shipwrecked mariner like me, but no place for ladies or—or them as belong to ladies."

"O Captain January!" cried Mrs. Morton, who was a tall, fair woman, with eyes like Star's own. "What shall I say to you? I must seem to you so cruel, so heartless, to come and ask for the child whom you have loved and cared for so long. For that is what I have come for! I must speak frankly, now that I see your kind, honest face. I have come to take my sister's child, for it is my duty to do so." She laid both hands on the old man's arm, and looked up in his face with pleading, tearful eyes.

But Captain January's face did not move as he answered quietly, "It is your duty, Lady. No question o' that, to my mind or any. But," he added, with a wistful look, "I'll ask ye to do it easy, Lady. It'll be sudden like for the—for the young lady. And—she ain't used to bein' took sudden, my ways bein' in a manner slow. You'll happen find her a little quick, Lady, in her ways, she bein' used to a person as was in a manner slow, and havin' to be quick for two, so to say. But it's the sparkle o' gold, Lady, and a glint o' diamonds."

But the lady was weeping, and could not answer; so Captain January turned to her husband, who met him with a warm grasp of the hand, and a few hearty and kindly words.

"And now I'll leave ye with the minister for a minute, Lady and Gentleman," the Captain said; for Bob Peet is a-signalin' me as if he'd sprung a leak below the water line, and all hands goin' to the bottom."

Bob, who had withdrawn a few paces after beaching his boat, was indeed making frantic demonstrations to attract the Captain's attention, dancing and snapping his fingers, and contorting his features in strange and hideous fashion.

"Well, Bob," said the old man, walking up to him, "what's up with you, and why are ye h'istin' and lowerin' your jib in that onearthly fashion?"

Bob Peet seized him by the arm, and led him away up the beach. "Cap'n," he said, looking round to make sure that they were out of hearing of the others, "I can't touch a lady—not seamanly! But 'f you say the word—knock gen'l'm'n feller—middle o' next week. Say the word, Cap'n! Good's a meal o' vittles t'me—h'ist him over cliff!"

(To be Continued.)

GREATNESS lies, not in being strong, but in the right using of strength.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

HOMELY GIRLS.

What is the use of being homely, girls, when you can all be beautiful just as well as not? If you have the white light of the soul within, it will shine through the muddiest complexions and the thickest swarms of freckles. It can reshape snub-noses and wry mouths; it can burnish red hair until it shines like gold; it can transform anyone into an angel of delight. In other words, the loveliness of a pure spirit imparts its charm to everything connected with it.

As a rule, the prettiest girls lack ambition, for they depend largely upon their good looks to carry them along. We all have heard such remarks, "She would be a very pretty girl if she only knew something," and "She is really a beautiful girl to look at, but when she opens her mouth—my!" On the other hand, happily, we often hear persons say of a middle-aged woman: "She looks so much better than she did when a girl." That is because she has been cultivating the immortal part of herself all these years.

Ask the teachers in the schools who are the best scholars, and they will point out the plain ones, who, knowing they could not count upon personal attractions, sought their charms at a higher source. It is believed that Michael Angelo's broken nose did much to stimulate his genius. The eminent women of our day are not noted for their beauty, and the newspaper reporter makes much of it when he finds one having an ordinary share of good looks.

The world is laughing yet at Pompey's soldiers, who fled in terror when Cæsar's rough fellows struck at their handsome faces. Do we not miss nobler victories every day on the battle-ground of the heart because we have the same kind of vanity!

But we love perfection of any kind, beauty not excepted. The Saviour of mankind was "fairer than the sons of men," and his admiration of the beautiful is written on the page of night in starry letters, and on the page of day in colors that we cannot imitate. The person who, like him, is both fair and good, is the ideal of us all, but ideals are exceedingly scarce. Evil thoughts and evil lives have distorted millions, but God has never made one homely face.—*Julia H. Thayer, in Christian at Work.*

HEALED THROUGH FAITH.

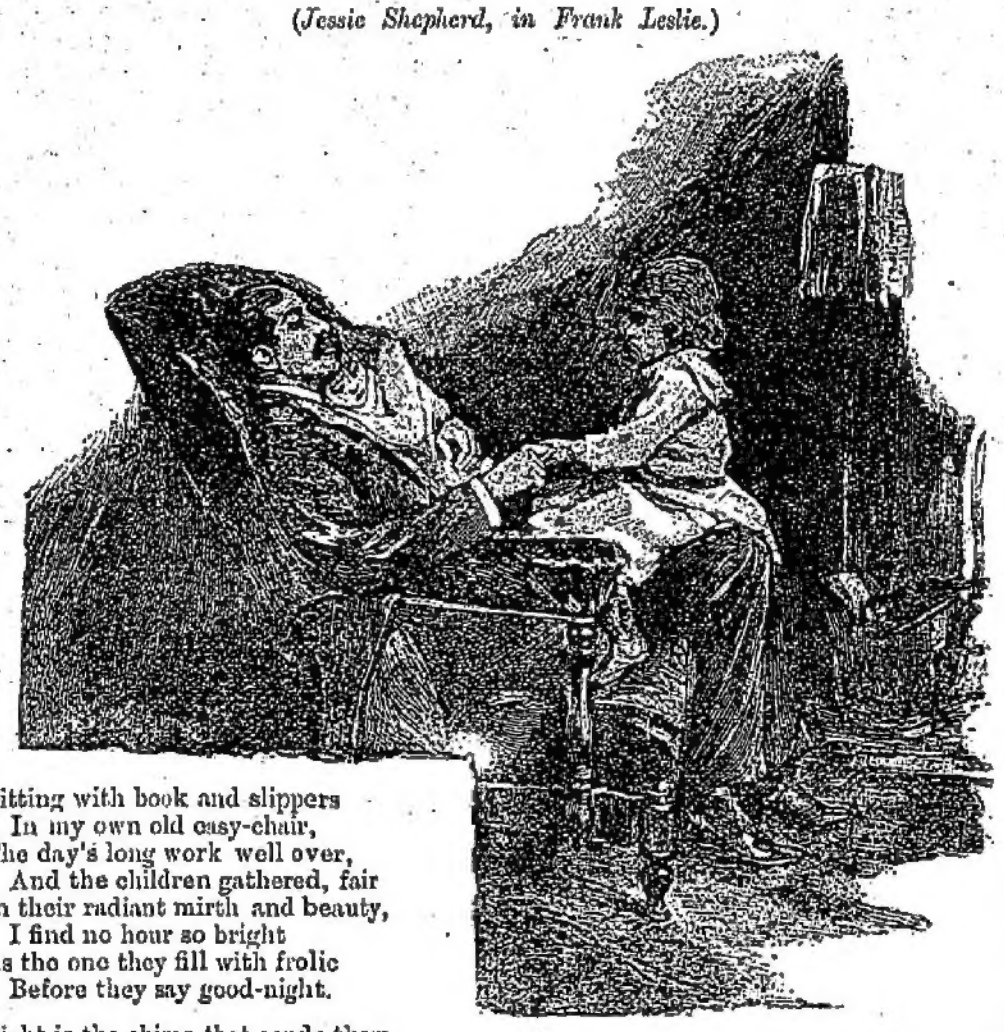
BY REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.

An opium-eater of the most desperate stamp came into Mr. Moody's evangelistic meetings in Boston in the spring of 1877. His case was one of long standing, in which the coils of habit had closed about him tighter and tighter each year, every medical help, every human remedy having utterly failed. None present will forget his pitiful cry as he rose up in the meeting and begged to know if there was any hope for him in Christ. Prayer was offered in his behalf, and he was led to accept Jesus as his Saviour and Healer. He came the next day with the glad tidings that his appetite was gone. Mr. Moody, knowing how much more powerful is experience than assertion for proving that Christ is "mighty to save," put this man upon the platform night after night, to tell the story of his healing. It was "a palpable confirmation of the Word," not to be gainsaid, and the effect was irresistible upon the great audiences who listened.

The other case was almost identical. A stranger, rising up at a revival meeting in our own church, the marks upon his person confirming the testimony of his lips, confessed that he was a long suffering victim of the opium habit, who had spent all his living upon physicians, and was nothing bettered, but rather made worse. Here also, upon the offering of prayer and the surrender of the sufferer to Christ, the cure was instantaneous—at least, so the patient has always claimed. Fifteen and ten years have passed since these respective experiences. The men on whom the cures were wrought are exemplary members of the church, with whom we have maintained a constant acquaintance, and they solemnly testify that from the moment of their appeal to the Great Physician they have been absolutely delivered from their former plague.—*The Christian.*

THE GOOD-NIGHT KISS.

(Jessie Shepherd, in Frank Leslie.)



Sitting with book and slippers
In my own old easy-chair,
The day's long work well over,
And the children gathered, fair
In their radiant mirth and beauty,
I find no hour so bright
As the one they fill with frolic
Before they say good-night.

Eight is the chime that sends them
Scampering up the stairs,
With gleeful shout and giggle,
Hushed at their evening prayers.
Then, flushed and sweet as the flowers,
On the snowy pillows laid,
They will drift to the isles of dream-land,
Each dear little lad and maid.

And first: "Will you kiss me, mamma?
Be sure you don't forget."
Clear and sweet is the mandate
Of each dainty household pet.
And "I'm waiting, mamma darling,
So hurry and tuck me in;
And though I'm asleep, why, kiss me,"
They cry with merry din.

And if sweet blue eyes grow heavy
Before the mother's love
In the kiss of good-night blessing
Is dropped the brow above,
Next day I will hear the question,
"Pray when did you kiss me?" fall
From the rose-bud lips of the baby,
Sweet as an angel's call.

Sitting with book and slippers,
Llisten, and overhead
I hear the prattle of children
Merrily going to bed;
And I envy not the monarch
On his gold and ivory throne,
As I reign in my little kingdom,
With every heart my own.

THE TRUEMANS' WAY OF GIVING.

BY JULIA D. PECK.

"Here is the money Fred Cole paid me for the cattle I sold him last week,—just a hundred dollars," said Farmer Trueman, laying a roll of bills upon the table. "You can take out the 'tenth money' and divide the rest into equal parts for you and me." For Farmer Trueman believed that the wife who made his home so bright and comfortable earned as much of the income as he did.

Mrs. Trueman looked at the roll of bills thoughtfully.

"Hasn't this been an unusually prosperous year, John?" she asked.

"Well, yes," admitted her husband, "I don't know but it has. You know I lost one of my best cows in the spring, and five or six of the sheep got poisoned eating laurel, then the potato crop is rather short. But, on the whole, the year has been a good one for farmers."

"I have been thinking," said Mrs. Trueman, "that we might make a special offering to the Lord; a tenth seems so small, and there is so much need of money in the mission field."

"Well, I don't know," said the farmer. "Ten dollars seems quite a sum, when there are so many expenses. I want a pair of light harnesses for the gray span, and my overcoat is growing rusty. Then the sleigh will need painting."

"O there are ways enough to spend every dollar," said Mrs. Trueman. "I need a new cloak, and a set of china, and rugs for the parlor, where the carpet is growing thin."

"Well, I must go and help Jean get up the cattle," said Mr. Trueman. "We will decide about the matter later."

When her husband had gone, Mrs. Trueman sat for some time, thinking over her blessings. "John is one of the kindest husbands in the world," she told herself; "and it would be hard to find four healthier, happier children than ours. We have a comfortable home and all that we need to make our lives full and happy. God has been very good to us."

Her musings were interrupted by the sound of eager feet, and four rosy-faced children rushed in, each eager for mamma's first kiss.

There was little danger that these boys and girls would seek amusement in questionable places, for their home was the pleasantest place that they knew. Papa and mamma were always interested in whatever interested them, and often played games with them in the evening. Then there was reading and music; and after a short prayer for God's blessing and forgiveness, the family went early to rest.

In the night following the day on which Mrs. Trueman thought over her blessings, she awoke from a troubled sleep. A slight irritation in her throat caused her to cough.

"Let me bring you a glass of water," said her husband.

As he passed the window he glanced out.

"It's a black night," he said. "I think we shall have rain to-morrow. Why, there is a light in the barn!"

It was the work of a moment to dress and hurry to the barn. Before he reached it he saw a dark figure rush out and disappear in the darkness. It was the tramp, who had been awakened by the fire that his lighted pipe, left carelessly on the hay-mow, had started.

As the farmer pushed open the door, he was met by a sheet of flame, and the smoke nearly drove him back. For a moment he thought it useless to try to combat the fire. But water was handy, and he was soon joined by his wife and the hired man, and after a fierce fight of an hour every spark was extinguished, and with thankful hearts they returned to the house.

"If you had not had that spell of coughing in the night, Ruth," said Mr. Trueman, as they talked it over the next day, "all of our buildings would have been in ashes; and God only knows whether we should have escaped with our lives. Such mercies call for special offerings of thanksgiving, don't they?"

"Indeed, they do!" said Mrs. Trueman, heartily. "And, John, it was not a 'happening' that my throat troubled me in the night so that I could not sleep; but it was a kind Providence who was watching over us. We certainly must give a thank-offering to the Lord, for his goodness in sparing our home. My cloak will do very well another year, and I do not really need any new china."

"We certainly do not need a set of light harnesses," said Farmer Trueman. "That was only a suggestion of Satan to foster my pride. And we shall ride as comfortably in the sleigh, I dare say, if it is not freshened up with a new coat of paint and varnish. Shall we give half of the cattle money?"

"O John," said his wife, looking at him reprovingly. "I am sure you are not in earnest. I did not think you would divide with the Lord. Do you prize your home so lightly?"

Mr. Trueman laughed.

"I thought you would say that," he said. "I have no wish to keep back any of it, and I am sure I never gave a gift more willingly."

So it came to pass that the contribution box of the little church of Deerfield was laden, the next Sabbath, with a hundred dollars besides the usual offerings. Deacon Hawes, who passed the box, could not conceal his astonishment at the gift, and it was soon rumored about town that the "Truemans had had a large fortune left them."

But the hard-worked pastor of the missionary church in the West, when he received promptly his quarter's salary, thanked God and took courage.—*Golden Rule.*

ABOUT MAPS FOR CLASS USE.

BY ELIZABETH M. CLARK.

A few days ago, in looking over my Sunday-school note-books of last year, I came across two—one containing my outlines for the first quarter, the other those for the second—which, in comparison with each other, teach a good lesson, one well worth our learning, even if it be only a lesson about maps.

We teachers are sometimes advised and urged to get the best helps possible; and this in itself is undoubtedly good advice. Where the trouble and confusion come in,—as they will do at times,—is through the misunderstanding of terms, and the supposition, only too generally accepted, that the most perfect helps are the best ones.

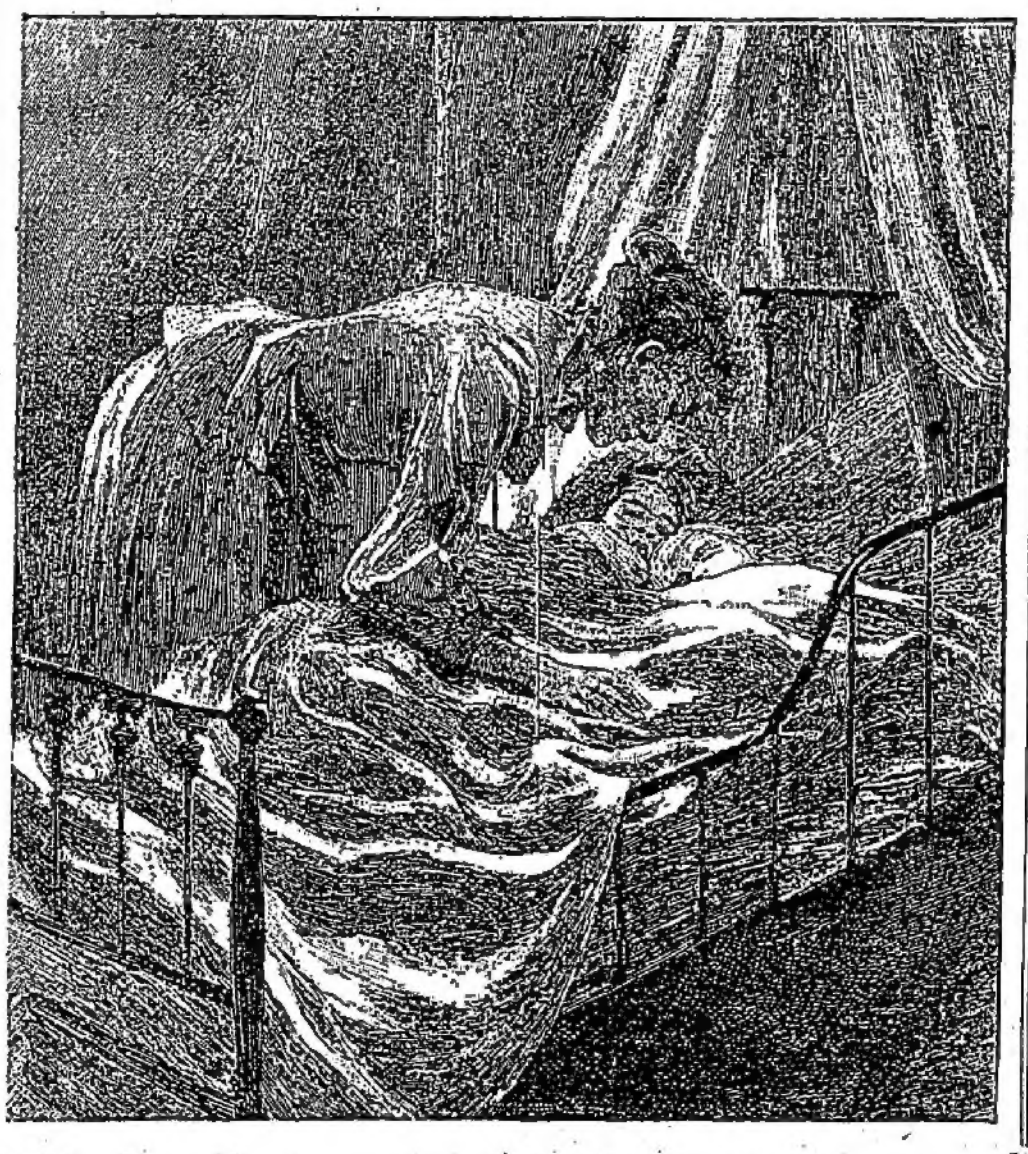
But is this so? Greek art reached perfection, and died; for where there is no room for progress, there is no room for life. And it is not impossible that there may be, with regard to some things, a kind of imperfection or imperfectness which is in itself a help.

At least, so I found it with regard to my maps and my boys. During the first quarter of 1889, I myself used in class as accurate and beautiful a map as I could get, and tried to induce my boys to follow me with those they had, which were fully as exact as my own. But all to no purpose. Sometimes they would follow my pencil as it went from place to place, but more than that they would not do, and, after some serious thought, I decided that it was because they could not. The maps they had were too good, too exact, too full for their use, and so, despite their almost perfectness, were, for all practical purposes, merely an aid to confusion and indefiniteness.

With this thought in mind, and with the assistance of a gelatine copying-plate, I made some maps which had neither the good points nor the consequent failings of the others. They were not more than reasonably accurate; they were not full; but then neither were they confusing, and I found that, after the first Sunday, we spent less time on the geography, and with better results, than ever before. The maps were kept in a drawer during the week, and brought out at the beginning of the lesson-hour on Sunday, every one of the boys keeping his own copy on his open Bible in front of him until the last bell rang. As we came across new places, they were put down at—approximately—the correct distances from Jerusalem, being represented by a star and the initial letter. Of course, I did the work with my boys, but did not always allow them to copy from my paper. Sometimes they had to find the places on their ordinary maps, which were thus used for reference and comparison; and at these times they let me copy from their work.

Within a short time, some of the maps were a sight to behold, with reference to both cleanliness and accuracy, while even the best had many mistakes; but they told an encouraging story of interest, thought, and earnest perseverance, which was far more pleasing than the negative one told by the perfect but unused maps, which had been keep too clean.—*Sunday School Times.*

Sow an act
And you reap a habit.
Sow a habit
And you reap a character.
Sow a character
And you reap a destiny.
—*Thackeray.*



ADVENTURES IN WILD AUSTRALIA.

Although at the time I started for Australia I was twenty-nine years old, and was, therefore, scarcely entitled to be termed a youth, I caught at the opportunity of going to this strangest of all strange lands with all the eagerness of a youthful mind.

Strange countries and strange peoples, curious customs and thrilling adventures—these are what take the fancy of youth.

If you consult your world's history you will find that, although the Portuguese had probably touched upon the western coast of Australia as early as 1601, and Luis de Torres had in 1606 discovered the straits which bear his name, it is to the patient efforts of the Dutch navigators that the discovery of the fifth continent is due, more than a century after Christopher Columbus landed at San Salvador.

You will also find that the first English settlement—a penal colony of one thousand convicts—was established in New South Wales as late as 1788, one year before George Washington was inaugurated as first President of the United States of America.

These dates show how far behind America Australia was in her start toward civilization, yet she covers an area nearly as great as that of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, and the southern portion of the continent is highly civilized. Here we find large cities, immense wealth, vast resources, and a thriving and ambitious population, whose annual exports to the mother country, Great Britian, amount to two hundred million dollars.

The first house in Melbourne was built in 1825, but when I was there, in 1880, I found a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, with many handsome public edifices, and a magnificent parliament house in course of erection; for the facade of which, I was told, it had been contemplated to import marble from Carrara, Italy.

Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, is nearly as large as Melbourne, and a city of immense wealth. Victoria and Adelaide—near which gold mines were discovered in 1851—are also centres of well-rewarded activity.

In 1839 England yielded to the vigorous protest of the free settlers and ceased deporting its criminals to Australia. Up to that date sixty thousand convicts had been sent out.

In the civilized parts of the country existence is made easy and pleasant. Anything one wishes may be obtained for money. Ladies frequently send to Paris or London for their dresses. In fact, all that civilization affords in the way of luxury can easily be procured.

But it was not for the purpose of studying civilization that I went to Australia. When, on May 23, 1880, I stepped abroad a sailing-vessel whose Norwegian name was nearly as long as its mast,—"Elinar Tambars Kjelver,—I was commissioned by the University of Christiania to study the fauna and the aborigines of the Australian Continent.

Nature here offers the commercial man next to nothing. There are scarcely any fruits or edible roots, no good game, no domestic animals, hardly any drinkable water; and the fish taste of mud. Everything had to be introduced from Europe, from potatoes to grapes, from horses to rabbits; but once introduced, they thrive wonderfully—especially the rabbits, for the extermination of which there is a standing offer of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The famous French savant, Pasteur, has tried to solve the problem presented by the rabbit plague, but has failed.

Yet, poor as it is in original resources, this is verily the wonderland of the naturalist. It is evident that Australia is the region which has undergone the least change in later geologic times. It is in the main now what it was during the early part of the tertiary period.

This "Land of the Dawning" reveals to us a primitive and peculiar form of animal life. The majority of its mammals belong to the curious order of Marsupials, or animals which have a pouch in which they carry their young. They are the most ancient of all known mammals. The fossil remains of animals of this order are found in the secondary and tertiary deposits of Europe and America.

These singular relics of a past age have now no other living representatives, with the exception of one family—the *Didelphyidæ*—found in America. But in Australia they flourish in the most varied forms, and assume in nature the place filled in other portions of the world by the most different groups.

Some are carnivorous, others herbivorous. Some live on the earth, others in trees. Some approach in form the wolf, others marmots, weasels, squirrels, dormice, etc. Yet they all possess common structural and other peculiarities, which show them to be members of one stock, presenting only an outward resemblance to the old-world types, with which they have no real affinity.

The natives often described to me a large carnivorous marsupial called by them "yarri," which approaches in form the larger members of the feline tribe, and therefore may properly be called a marsupial tiger.

Unfortunately, notwithstanding repeated attempts, involving many dangers and privations, I was unable to secure the specimen I was so anxious to possess of this interesting antipodean animal.

The largest and best known of the marsupials, the kangaroo, sometimes attains a height of seven or eight feet. Yet the new-born offspring of this huge beast is no larger than a human baby's little finger, and not unlike it in shape. This helpless, naked, blind little being the mother picks up with her mouth by a seeming miracle of dexterity, and places in her pouch, where it is nourished for several weeks, and gradually assumes the form of its parents.

Pouch and little one grow simultaneously, and the young kangaroo is soon able to take excursions from its place of refuge. These become more frequent and more extensive, the strength of the infant kangaroo increasing until finally it no longer needs maternal care.

Here also are to be found the most peculiar mammals on earth—the *Monotremata*. This singular order is divided by naturalists into two genera: The duck-bill platypus (*Ornithorynchus anatinus*) and the echidna or spiny ant-eater.

The duck-bill somewhat resembles a water-mole, but is provided with a duck's bill and webbed feet; and the spiny ant-eater is not unlike our porcupine. It has quills, and when alarmed rolls itself up in a ball. It is a good swimmer, although its feet are not webbed, and it shows its strength by rapidly disappearing in the sand or loose earth when pursued.

Both of these interesting mammals possess marsupial bones, but no pouch. They lay eggs like birds and hatch them, and then suckle their young!

Among birds, Australia possesses some remarkable species, such as the megapodius, or jungle-hen, and the talegalla, or brush-turkey. These do not themselves hatch their eggs but, like reptiles, bury them in large mounds of earth and decayed vegetable matter. The fermentation of this produces heat, by means of which the eggs are hatched.

These mounds, which are built by several females associated for the purpose, are so large that at first they were mistaken for the burial places of the natives.

There is a saying that in Australia the women have no beauty and the flowers no fragrance; while the birds do not sing, and the dogs do not bark. Without venturing a scientific opinion upon the first point, I can testify to the truth of the rest.

Europe has white swans—Australia possesses black ones. It has black cockatoos, wagtails that wag their tails sidewise instead of up and down, and bees that do not sting. In Europe, trees are the pride of the land-owners, and give grateful shade to man and beast; but the leaves of many Australian trees are set on edge, so that scarcely any shade is cast by them, and many other kinds of trees are leafless.

In Australia there are trees that shed their bark instead of their leaves, cherries whose stones grow outside the berry instead of inside, pears whose thick end grows nearest to the stalk, and many other abnormalities.

The cherries and pears are not, however, as remarkable as they may at first appear. The Australian cherry is in reality but an enlarged berry-like stalk, while the fruit proper is an unsavory, hard nut, growing at the extreme end of the stalk; and the Australian pear is really not a pear, but an entirely different, unatable fruit, as hard as wood.—*Carl Lumholtz, in Youth's Companion.*

"I HAVE GOT MY LESSONS."

BY REV. GEORGE A. GATES,

President of Iowa College, Grinnel, Io.

A few days ago a young lady asked permission to spend the evening away from home. Upon the suggestion's being made that the time might better be put on her books, she replied, "why, I have got my lessons."

Let me elucidate that text, "I have got my lessons," by an illustration. Not long ago I was looking over one of the great saw-mills on the Mississippi River in company with the superintendent of the mill. As we came to one room he said, "I want you to notice the boys in this room, and I will tell you about them afterward." There were some half-dozen boys at work on saws, with various machines, some broadening the points of the teeth, some sharpening them, some cutting the slots deeper. There was one lad standing leaning against a bench, apparently trying to do nothing and succeeding. After we had passed out of the room the superintendent said to me: "That room is my sieve. The fine boys go through that sieve to higher uses and higher pay. The coarse boys remain in the sieve, and are thrown out as refuse, so far as this mill is concerned." Then he explained what he meant. "I pick up a boy who wants to work in the mill, and give him the job of keeping the men in all parts of the mill and yard supplied with drinking-water. That is the lowest position, and draws the least pay, for the reason, of course, that there is the least head-work required. Then I say to that boy: 'When you have nothing else to do, go into this room, and then I shall know where to find you when I want you.' But there is a much more important reason why I send him there. In a business like this, hands are constantly changing. A good deal of the work, as you will see by watching the machines and those that manipulate them, requires a high degree of attention, energy, and good judgment. In the close competition of modern business life, whether this great mill runs at a margin of profit or loss will sometimes depend upon the one man who runs the gang-saw. Consequently, I must be looking out for the best men to put into these responsible positions which draw the largest pay. Now I put the water-boy into this room where there are several kinds of work being done. There are pieces of broken saws lying about and some of the tools that are used on them. I watch that boy. If he goes to handling those broken saws, looking them over, trying them, practising on them with the tools there, busies himself watching the other boys at their machines, asks questions about how the work is done, and is constantly occupied in some way or another in his leisure moments, why that is the kind of boy that is very soon promoted to work on the machines, and is pushed ahead just as rapidly as opportunity offers. He soon goes to a better position and better pay, and I get a new water-boy. He has gone through the sieve. But there is another kind of boy. When he has time off duty, he occupies himself in that room doing nothing. He stares listlessly about, leans up against the benches, crosses one leg over the other, puts in a good deal of time whistling, stares about out of the window, evidently wishing he were out there, watches the clock to see how soon he can quit work. If he talks with the boys who are at work, it is not to ask questions, but to bother them with some nonsense or other. I often do all I can to help such a boy. I push the tools around under his nose. I ask him questions about them. I talk with him about his future prospects. I do all that I can to crowd him into some sort of decent physical or intellectual energy. If the boy has any wake-up in him, well and good. If he has not, he is simply refuse matter. I don't want such a boy in this mill, even as a water-boy."

The college is that room for the young men and women that come to it. The mill is the universe. You are put in the midst of opportunities. More eyes than you think are watching to see what you do with them. You are thrown into live, intellectual atmosphere. It is a "little world" of books, of discovery, of knowledge in many departments. All, faculty and students, are learning and growing. When a new student comes, the question at once up for decision is, Is it going to be possible for him to catch the spirit that is in the air all about him, or is he going forever to remain in a position of "getting lessons" and nothing more?—*Golden Rule.*

CLOCKS THAT KEEP TIME.

There are some clocks that tell time, and some that only tell the right time twice every day. These are the dummy clocks which jewellers often have for signs in front of their stores. Have you ever seen them? and if so, have you noticed that almost all of them point to the same time—seventeen minutes after eight? Perhaps if you have thought of them at all you supposed as I did, that they were made to point to any hour that the workman who made them might fancy; but that is not so. A gentleman standing near one the other day said: "I never see one of these clock-faces that I don't think of Abraham Lincoln."

"Why so?" said his friend.

"Because those clocks mark the hour and moment when he was shot. The Jewellers' Association after his death decided that all such clock-faces should be set at 8.17, and this has been done so generally since that you scarcely ever see one which is not in this way a sad reminder of the tragic death of a great man."—*Christian Advocate.*

WHY MARGERY'S DAY WAS SPOILED.

A tiny sunbeam strayed through the shutter, and, glinting on Margery's fast-closed eyes, awoke her. Not too soon, either, for, just as she was gathering together her scattered wits, there came a quick knock on the door.

"Time to get up. Fly along, Margie; we start at nine, sharp!"

"All right, Dick, I'll be ready." She was on her feet now and running to the window to make sure it was really a fine day. Then there was a great splashing of water, and rustling into clothes, and Margery, her striped flannel skirt and blazer trimly adjusted, her sailor hat at just the right angle over her curly hair, her waterproof and extra jacket strapped compactly together, ran down stairs to find herself first at the breakfast table. But in a moment they all trooped in. Nat attired in his freshest tennis flannels, Dick, by way of contrast, in his oldest and most disreputable garments, both engaged in a lively skirmish as to the superior merits of his own style of costume.

"You'll ruin those white trousers, sure as fate!"

"They're cleanable," drawled Nat. "At least I'll look respectable" (witheringly) "when I get to one of the most fashionable hotels in the Adirondacks."

"Well, I believe in comfort," retorted Dick. "It'll be muddy, and I'm going for fun, not looks."

"Evidently," Nat said.

"Stop squabbling, boys, and hurry a bit," uncle Ned interposed at this juncture.

Margery finished first, and went to the piazza to reconnoitre. Could those clouds mean rain? Where was the carry-waggon?

"There go the boats!" uncle Ned said, as he joined her.

On a waggon standing near was a high, broad framework, on either side of which two boats were resting; two others were lifted in above these as Margery looked. Then the one horse started, jogging along, the queerly-mounted boats looking like huge blue wings, as the waggon turned off into the woods."

"Oh, uncle Ned, this is what I've longed for ever since my only lake trip three years ago!" Margery said, with a contented sigh.

"My dear Martha, what are you going to do with all that luggage?"

Mrs. Rainsford looked aggrieved.

"Why, it's the least I can get along with. My jacket, my fur cape, and my mackintosh are in the shawl-strap; if it rains I'll need my umbrella, if not my parasol—I can't bear an umbrella in sunshine, as you know, Edward; in the bag are bottles of things we may need, camphor, cologne and so on, a night-dress in case we should be detained—I'd advise you all to take things for overnight—and in the basket are crackers and fruit—I may feel faint. I suppose the guides can carry our things."

"They carry their boats. There's not a chance of spending the night there. You can surely leave some of those things behind."

"My dear Edward, I presume I can judge what is necessary for my own comfort. A man is usually willing to carry something for his wife."

Mr. Rainsford was silent, but Margery noted the firm compression of his lips.

"Hurrah! Here's the carry-waggon and only fifteen minutes late," cried Dick. "Goodness! aunt Martha, are you going to take all those things?"

"Now, Martha, get in here," uncle Ned interposed, hastily, "and Janie, you with her, and Nat—three on a seat. The guides must have the back seat. Up with you, Margery; here Nellie and Sue. Now, Dick, are all the traps in? You and I'll go in front with the driver."

The big four-seated waggon jolted away, over the sandy road and into the long shady stretch of green woods, skirting the lake for a few rods, and then off for the nearly three-mile drive, under the clustering maples and birches, past the fragrant balsams and spruces, with the witch-hopple bushes, the thickly-growing brakes and ferns almost brushing the wheels as they lumbered through the muddy road. At intervals, the long piercingly-sweet call of the brown thrush, or the thrill of his hermit brother reached their ears; and once, the jarring note of an early-come blue jay was heard.

It was a merry party, chatting, laughing at Dick's jokes, looking forward eagerly to the day's trip,—all except Nellie, who openly declared that she wished she wasn't going, there was nothing she disliked more than those cranky little boats.

"Nonsense, Nell, you shall go in the boat with me, and I'll preserve your life."

"Indeed, my life will be better preserved by not going in the boat with you, Dick," retorted his cousin, laughing.

As the waggon took an abrupt turn to the left, they saw the boat waggon making its slow way, just ahead of them.

"There's the lake—that's Little Clear. Isn't it nuts?" which was Dick's highest term of admiration.

One boat was already in place on the shore, the guide seated astride the pointed bow, holding it steady for his passengers.

Along its length tiptoed Mrs. Rainsford, armed with her parasol, her umbrella, and her bag, while her husband stood with her other belongings, ready to stow them in after she should be settled, which was a work requiring time on her part, and patience on the part of others.

"Is there any danger of rain before we get across this pond, guide?" she inquired.

"No rain to-day, ma'am," the guide returned.

"Well, you guides aren't infallible. I guess you'd better hand me my shawl-strap, Edward; I'll get my waterproof ready. The sun's under a cloud now."

"But look at its size, my dear."

"Nevertheless, it's well to be prepared," And the parasol was unstrapped, the mackintosh produced, and the bundle done up again, only to be opened once more so that her jacket might be convenient if its owner were chilly. At last Mr. Rainsford was seated, the guide pushed off his boat, springing lightly on its bow, where he knelt a moment, then swung himself to his seat and was off.

Sue and Nat were the next to start, Nat having already, to Dick's wicked delight, splashed his immaculate flannels. The third boat was in position, when there was a slight exclamation from the remaining guide.

"What's to pay?" queried Dick.

The man bent down, looking disconsolately at his boat. "Hole in her," he said, pointing.

"What a shame?" cried the girls in chorus.

"See that little root, miss?" He pointed to where a tiny stump showed under the boat, one end of which he lifted in his hand from the ground. The sharply pointed end had gone through the thin wood like a needle. "I'll have to turn back. She'll leak and won't be safe."

"But what can we do?" cried Margery.

"Sorry, miss, but it can't be helped."

"I'll go back in the carry-waggon. I'm glad of it!" exclaimed Nellie.

"But you're only one. Two will have to stay," said Margery, a little sharply. "Can't you send back for another boat?"

"It'd take more'n an hour, and boats is mostly taken jest at this season."

"I will go back with Nellie," Janie offered. Janie was always unselfish, and both Dick and Margery knew how she had been anticipating the day's excursion. Margery had a sharp, short struggle with someone he thought the day would be "Just nuts!"

"It takes away half the pleasure not to have Dick," continued Janie, almost crying. "Now Nellie was glad to go back."

"Too bad there wasn't another in the party who felt the same," said Margery, with a little uncomfortable laugh.

"Where are the others?" greeted them, as they landed on the opposite shore. The mishap was soon explained, and Margery was not made happier by her uncle's comment:

"I'd rather have stayed home myself than have Dick miss this. He'd counted on a lot of views here for the prize competition in his Camera Club. His lens is so fine, and he made sure of the novel views being in his favor. Didn't you know that, Margery?"

"I'd forgotten, sir." Margery hung her head and felt herself grow crimson.

Here aunt Martha made a diversion. "Edward, will you carry my bag, and the wraps? I can't possibly climb that hill and carry anything. I can manage the umbrella and parasol, but Nat, you—why he's gone! Well, Margery, perhaps you'll take the lunch basket."

The steep woodland path that lay before them did not make Margery anxious for additional luggage, but she took the big basket, wondering how "anyone could be as selfish and inconsiderate as aunt Martha," then reflected that perhaps she herself had not much to boast of on that score.

The three guides had fitted the pieces of wood known as "yokes" into their boats, and, raising the light crafts, had reversed them over their heads, the semi-circular opening in the yokes fitting around their necks. They walked off in the narrow path, looking like some new specimens of long-legged, gigantic beetles. The others followed, panting, up the hill, Mrs. Rainsford calling for assistance, now from one, now from another, finally announcing that she guessed Janie had better take her parasol, young people wouldn't mind, of course. Sue and Janie kept near Margery as they trudged briskly over the narrow, bush-bordered path, thickly strewn with last year's leaves, now wet and slippery in spots.

The sunshine flickered here and there through the branches; the tree tops rustled softly in the breeze that the travellers could not feel in their sheltered way; bright scarlet bunch-berries carpeted the ground, the tufts of the metallic blue clintonia grew here and there, while, springing amid mosses and ferns, lurked the wax-white Indian pipe.

"Isn't it lovely?" cried Sue. "No wonder you raved over it, Margery. Don't you enjoy it now more than the first time you came?"

"There's the next lake, girls," was Margery's response.

"Well, I miss Dick," declared Mrs. Rainsford; "he's the life of any party, and I'd miss anyone less than I do him." Aunt Martha was one who never allowed her politeness to overcome her candor.

Over the next lake the three boats glided, to disembark at another woodland carry, its leafy vista stretching before them with a promise of fresh enchantment. But the lovely woods had lost their charm, the restful variety of alternate boat rides and walking was lost on Margery. Constant references to Dick came from all the party, and Margery would gladly have changed places with him had it been possible. They rowed over two more lakes and the intervening carries of a few rods

"THE MAN BENT DOWN, LOOKING DISCONSOLATELY AT HIS BOAT. 'HOLE IN HER,' HE SAID, POINTING."

each were quickly traversed. Here they met merry parties with their boat-laden guides, taking the lake trip in the reverse direction. The fifth carry was a mere sand hole, steep at either end, and over this the guides dragged their boats, while their younger passengers tried a race up and down from lake to lake.

"Here's the Upper St. Regis. It's pretty rough, so cover up well, girls," said Mr. Rainsford. White-caps were tossing over the wind-ruffled lake, but waterproofs were unstrapped and tucked over the girls' skirts. What if they did ship tiny seas? All the party know that their frail, cranky, pointed boats were safe in experienced hands. All were in high spirits except Margery. Someone asked her if she felt ill. On her replying that she did not: "No wonder she's sober," aunt Martha exclaimed in no low tone, to her husband, "seen it all before, and yet keeps her brother *home.*"

Margery overheard, and her own comment on her aunt's selfishness recurred to her.

Over the angry lake they flew, past the beautiful camps that dotted island and shore, past gayly filled boats with fluttering flags, passed some sail boats, too, that were making good time in the brisk wind. In through a narrow strait and Spitfire lake was reached.

"See that beautiful camp close to the shore. What lovely rustic work, and how *gay* those colored flies are over the tents! And see those people on that lovely porch!" cried Janie.

"Sit in the middle, please, miss, to trim the boat," said the guide, as the tiny bark tilted dangerously over at Janie's enthusiastic little jump.

"Isn't it just like Venice?" cried Sue, who had never been there.

"Not at all," replied Nat, who had.

The boats were gliding in calmer water now, a long, winding stream, called by the guides a "slow," in which grass grew thick and high, and water lilies showed white upon their dark-hued foliage. In among the grass drifted several boats, their occupants picking lilies, or reading under the shade of big parasols. Now the big red and brown hotel was in sight, on the low shore of the little lake, several cottages and tents near it, and numbers of gayly-dressed people watching several games of tennis that were being played.

"Nearly dinner-time," said Nat, rubbing hard at a big smudge on his sleeve.

They were soon at the hotel, and the hungry party enjoyed the good dinner set before them with appetites sharpened by their brisk tramps. It was decided to return home by the way they had come, the other route being less interesting, as they all agreed.

"And what does Margery say?" uncle Ned asked his unusually silent niece.

"I don't care," she murmured: a most extraordinary state of mind for Margery.

Six o'clock saw the travellers safely back. Margery went straight to Dick.

"Dick, dear, I was a selfish thing not to stay home and let you go to-day. I had a horrid time, and it served me right. Don't you think you could go another day? And, Dick—this was uncle Ned's treat—won't you let your trip be mine?"

"Don't think about it, Margie. But I can't go, for I wired father I'd leave to-morrow. Bert has his vacation next week—I heard to-day—and I promised father I'd take his place."

"O, Dick!" Margery's eyes filled with tears.

She wrote a full account of her day in the little journal she kept, and, finished with these words: "One thing I've learned to-day that I won't forget, and that is that, besides being wrong, selfishness does'nt pay."—*Churchman.*

HOME TEMPERANCE.

What is temperance?

Right living.

Upon what is the principle of right living based?

The body is the temple of God.

How is the "temple of God" defiled?

By improper habits, or food or drink; by improper desires that rule the body.

That is a broad definition of temperance.

Not broader than that given by the Bible and science.

Has the word changed its meaning in these later years?

Yes; temperance used to mean not intemperate—that is not drunken.

What is the specific meaning as applied to the reform of to-day?

The not using alcohol in any of its forms as food or drink.

What, then, is the cause of intemperance?

More frequently ignorance of the danger that must necessarily follow drinking intoxicating liquor.

How do you explain that?

A child seeing wine upon the father's table, not being taught anything about it, would attach no more harm to its use than drinking a glass of water.

What is the remedy for intemperance?

Knowledge. There must first be an arrest of thought, then intelligent study of the effects of alcohol and the consequent *danger in its use.*

To insure the best result, where must this knowledge be obtained?

In the home.

How early should a mother understand the law of temperance as written upon the body?

She should understand it before she assumes the duties and privileges of motherhood.

If the mother uses wine or alcohol tonics may the appetite be transmitted?

Yes; the appetite physically, and the weak will mentally, if she knows she ought not.

Would you advise all mothers to study the effects of alcohol, or will a moral resolution not to use it herself be sufficient?

Knowledge is power, and she should have the proof of what she believes.

How can the necessary knowledge be most easily obtained?

By a study of physiology and hygiene as taught in the public school text-books.—*The Household.*

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

BY MRS. M. A. E. CALEF.

Never were those words from "Holy Writ" so impressed upon my mind as when listening to our "silver-tongued orator," Wendell Phillips, a short time before his death. A band of reformed men had gathered one evening in the old Bethel church in Boston, to listen to words of encouragement from several gentlemen. The audience was composed mostly of the lower class of working men and women,—those who were trying to live better lives and become temperate.

After speaking as none other could speak to such an audience, he paused, and in lowered, impressive tones, asked to be pardoned for an incident in his own life, he wished to relate as a note of warning to those of his hearers who might be tempted, as he had been, to neglect to speak to a brother-man he might possibly save. Said Mr. Phillips: "When I was a young man, which would have been in the early part of this century, I was with a friend with whom I had had a business talk sitting under a piazza in Charlestown. As we were in conversation, I thought I noticed a smell of liquor, and felt sure that it came from the breath of the young man at my side. My first impulse was to speak to him, for although all, or nearly all, at that time drank more or less, I had decided fully that it was an evil, and that young people especially should not drink intoxicating liquors. My second thought was that it would do no good to speak to him, and so I left him. Seventeen years after that," said Mr. Phillips, "I was called to give a temperance lecture in a small town about thirty miles out from Boston, for I had then become deeply interested in the work of trying to reform men, and if possible save the youth. After delivering my lecture to a large and attentive audience, and as the people were leaving the church, I noticed a man pressing his way up to the place where I was standing talking with others who had waited to speak with me. As he came nearer, the poor man in his worn, soiled garments, took me by the hand and, in tones of reproof I can never forget, said to me, "Wendell, Wendell, why didn't you say to me seventeen years ago what you have said here to-night, and you could have saved me. Now it is too late for you or any one else to save me from a drunkard's grave! Oh, Wendell, I am too far gone!" "Those terrible words," said Mr. Phillips "caused me to decide, then and there, that another chance to speak to one whose *breath gave signs of strong drink* should never be neglected, for the poor man before me was none other than the young man who years before sat beside me on the piazza. My vow then made has never been broken. And now, dear reformed brothers," said he to those before him, "take warning from bitter experience, and never pass any one who needs a word of kindly warning or gentle reproof or brotherly help. You may have power to save them!"—*Union Signal.*

A LIFE SERMON.

A missionary in India was so feeble mentally that he could not learn the language. After some years, he asked to be recalled, frankly saying that he had not sufficient intellect for the work. A dozen missionaries, however, petitioned his board not to grant his request, saying that his goodness gave him a wider influence among the heathen than any other missionary at the station. A convert, when asked, "What is it to be a Christian?" replied, "It is to be like Mr. ——" naming the good missionary. He was kept in India. He never preached a sermon; but when he died hundreds of heathen, as well as many Christians, mourned him and testified to his holy life and character.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

FUN FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

GAMES FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

HOW OUR WORKERS MAY SECURE THEM.

"All work and no play,
Makes Jack a dull boy."

A few weeks ago we gave our numerous workers a long list of books which we propose offering this season as premiums, and already the orders for them are fast coming in. Later on, it occurred to us that winter evenings, to be perfect, must have fun as well as instruction.

When the books are all read through, or even only half read, times will come when they must be laid aside. This may be done reluctantly, but it has to be done. You can't read all the time and still do your duty by those around you. You don't want to read when your friends come to spend one of the long delightful *winter evenings* with you. But you must have something equally pleasant, though in a different line. This is where the value of games comes in, and this is why we offer them to our workers this year. One which may be mentioned first is the renowned game of

TIDDLEDY-WINKS.

This is one of the most popular of all the new games. Old and young, all classes and conditions of people, have been fascinated with it. We offer a handsome bone set, put up in a strong box, which will be found a most valuable addition to your stock of winter amusements. This will be given for three new subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger* and 90 cents, or one new subscription to the *Weekly Witness* at $1.00.

DRAUGHTS.

This is a handsome little folding checker board enclosing a set of men. It is in the form of two books bound in black, crimson, brown and gold. It will be given for four new subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger* and $1.20, or one new subscription to the *Weekly Witness* at $1.00.

CORNER GROCERY.

This is a game in which goods are bought and sold and gives good practice in the rapid calculation of small sums. It will be sent for four new subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger* and $1.20, or one new subscription to the *Weekly Witness* at $1.

GAME OF TRADES.

This is a game in which mason, machinist, plumber, blacksmith, printer, tailor, carpenter and painter take a hand. It will be sent for three new subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger* and 90 cents.

IVANHOE.

This is a new game in which the celebrated characters "Rebecca," "King Richard," "Cedric the Saxon," "Prince John," "Locksley," "Friar Tuck," "Sir Brian de Bois Gilbert," "Isaac of York," and the rest of them take part. This game will be sent for two new subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger,* and 60 cents.

HUNT THE HARE.

This *is a new game played with four* "hares" and two "hounds" on a folding board handsomely ruled in black, red and gold. The whole is enclosed in a strong and attractive box. It will be given for seven new subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger,* and $1.50, or one new subscription to the *Weekly Witness* at $1.

NEW AND IMPROVED FISH POND.

Almost every one has played "Fish-pond" *in some form or other,* but no matter in what form it has been used, every one will be sure to want this one. The "pond" is a strong handsome box 18 in. x 6 in. Swimming in the pond are 45 fish 2½ in. long all in their natural colors. Four rods are provided and minute directions given for playing. This very desirable game will be sent for twelve new subscribers to the *Northern Messenger* and $3.60, or for two new subscriptions to the *Weekly Witness* and $2. These games will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States. Two renewals will count as one new subscription. Address

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